

# 2Pac Lyrics

## "Fuck All Y'all"

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Ha ha ha... hey man fuck all y'all... fuck all y'all  
I don't need nobody  
Fuck 'em... fuck all y'all (fuck all y'all)

Money gone fuck friends, I need a homie that know me  
When all these motherfuckin' cops be on me  
I got problems, ain't nobody callin' back  
Now what the fuck is happenin' with my ballin' cats?  
Remember me? I'm your homie that was down to brawl  
Sippin' Hennessy, hangin' with the clowns, and all  
We used to do is drink brew, screw and common knew  
We had bitches by the dozens, we fuckin' cousins  
You can throw your middle finger if you feel me, loc  
A nigga just got paid and we still was broke  
It took time, but finally the cash was mine  
All the rewards of a hustler stuck in the grind  
Look around, and all I see is snakes and fakes  
It's like scavengers, waitin' to take a hustler's place  
And when you stuck, where the fuck is all your friends?  
They straight busted and can't be trusted; fuck y'all!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all y'all

I'm sippin' Tanqueray and juice and what's the use  
'Cause I'm a hopeless thug  
Ain't no love reminiscin' on how close we was  
Way back in the day, before they put the crack in the way  
And hey, how much money can you stack in a day?  
It's gettin' rough, collect calls from my niggas in cuffs  
I recollect we used to ball, now just living's enough  
I stand tall in the winter, summer, spring or fall  
"Thug For Life" sprawled all across the wall  
And all about my dollars make me wanna holla  
Drop an album, sell a million, give a fuck about tomorrow  
I know it's gettin' crazy after dark, these marks  
Keep on huffin' and puffin', ain't no fear in my heart  
What's goin' on in the ghetto? Still struggle and strive  
I still roll with the heater, smokin' chocolate Thai  
In '94, I'll be goin' solo  
Too many problems of my own so I'm rollin' dolo; fuck all y'all!

Huh, pardon me!

*[Sample:]*

"I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got..."

Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all y'all ...fuck all y'all

I went from rags to riches  
Quick to socializin' with the baddest bitches  
Went from a bucket to a rag with switches  
I'm seein' death around the corner  
I'm bumpin' "Gloriaaaa," doin' 90 'cause I wanna  
I'm gettin' high, and like I said, it was some chocolate thai  
Mixed with some Indonesia, watch me fly  
And even though I know the cops behind me  
Hit the weed and I continue doin' 90  
Until I get caught, another ticket get to kick it in court  
Fuck the law, give a shit, I'm even worse than before  
I know they wanna see a nigga buried  
But I ain't worried, still throwin' these thangs  
Got me locked in these chains  
And hey, nigga, what the fuck is you wailin' 'bout?  
Soon as I hit the cell, I'll be bailin' out  
And when I hit the streets, I'm in a rush to ball  
I'm screamin' "Thug Life!", nigga, fuck y'all!

*[Sample:]*

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I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends  
I thought I had friends, but I ain't got no fuckin' friends"

That's right fuck all y'all man  
Fuck all y'all  
That is right, I don't need nobody  
Fuck all y'all  
Fuck all the hard copies daily news  
Fuck the bitches, the tele news, New York Posts, all those motherfuckers  
Fuck all y'all  
Fuck 'em